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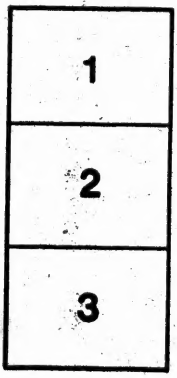

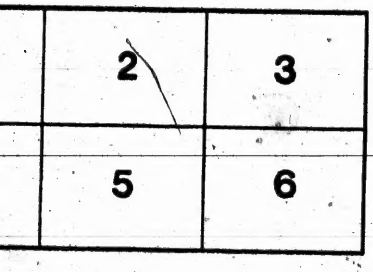

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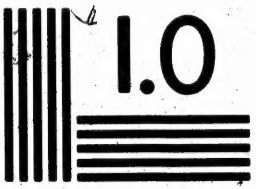

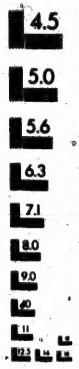

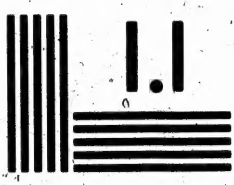

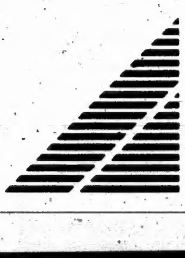

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WISDOM IN MINIATURE,

OR THE

YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S

MAGAZINE.

BEING A COLLECTION OF SENTENCES

DIVINE AND MORAL.

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

BROCKVILLE, (U. C.)
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE
RECORDER.

1824.

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The Alphabet.

A B C D E F G H I J K

L M N O P Q R S T U

V W X Y Z &.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o

p q r s t u v w x y z.

A B C D E F G H I J

K L M N O P Q R S T

U V W X Y Z &.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p

q r s t u v w x y z.

WISDOM

IN

MINIATURE.

—oooooooo—

USEFUL knowledge can have no enemies, except the ignorant: It cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

But as those who eat most are not always the fattest, so those who read much have not always the most knowledge—they sink under a mul-

titude of ideas, and resemble the ancient Gauls, who being too heavily armed, became useless in battle.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up to meet you.

But as there is nothing good or evil, but virtue or vice; so that knowledge is of all things the most precious, which guides us in the paths of truth, piety, and righteousness.

From the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and

apply to himself the instruction they give. Go to the desart, my son! Observe the young stork of the wilderness, let him speak to thy heart: he beareth on his wings his aged sire, he lodgeth him in safety, and supplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia, offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odours, wafted from the field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life, and to thy mother for she sustained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good—give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease, do honor therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence: Indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents—Assist and support them in the decline of life.

So shall thy hoary head go down to the grave in peace—and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.

As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature; or, as an earthquake in its convulsions overturneth cities; so the rage of an angry man throweth mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand.

Indulge not thyself in the passion of anger, it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast, or murder thy friend.

Harbor not revenge in thy breast—it will torment thy heart and disorder its best inclinations.

On the heels of folly treadeth shame: at the back of anger standeth remorse.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury.

If thou bearest light provocations with patience, it shall be imputed to thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance thy heart shall feel rest, and thy mind shall not reproach thee.

As the reed is shaken by the breath of the air, so the shadow of evil maketh the timorous man afraid.

But the terrors even of death, are not terrors to the good:—He that committeth no evil, hath nothing to fear.—He is prepared to meet

all events with an equal mind.

Terrify not thy soul with vain fears, neither let thy heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination.

For as the ostrich, when pursued, hideth his head, but forgeteth his body; so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

A noble spirit sees undismayed, all visionary dangers.

As a rock on the sea shore he standeth firm, and the dashing of the waters disturbeth him not.

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him; and the steadi-

ness of his mind beareth him out.

As a plain garment best adorneth a beautiful woman, so a decent behaviour is the greatest ornament of wisdom.

A wicked son is a reproach to his father; but he that doeth right is an honor to his grey hairs.

He shall rise like a cedar above the trees of the mountains.

My son! now in thy youth attend to instruction, and season thy mind with the maxims of truth.

Learn obedience to thy parents & they shall bless thee.

Learn modesty, and thou shalt not be ashamed.

Learn gratitude, and thou shalt receive benefits: learn charity, and thou shalt gain love.

Learn prudence, and fortune will attend the: learn temperance, and thou shalt have health. Learn fortitude, and it will support thee under thy allotted portion of human evil.

There shall no evil happen to the just; but the wicked cometh to shame.

The wise will hear and will increase in learning;—but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

Peace and length of days is the portion of the righteous; but shame shall be the transgressor's reward.

The memory of the just is blessed; but the name of the wicked shall rot.

The wise in heart shall receive commandments; but a prating fool shall fall.

Wise men lay up knowledge—but the rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding.

He that diligently seeketh good procureth favor; but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come to him.

Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruc-

tion—but he that regardeth reproof shall be honored.

That man enjoys a heaven upon earth, whose mind moves in charity, rests in Providence, and turns upon the poles of truth & wisdom.

Charity is the offspring of the skies;—Wherever she fixes her abode, happiness is there.

No character is so glorious, none more attractive of universal admiration and respect, than that of helping those who are in no condition to help themselves.

He that easeth the miserable of their burden, shall hear many blessing him; he

who giveth to the poor, shall never want treasure.

Men of the noblest dispositions, think themselves happiest, when others share with them in their happiness.

When the widow's heart is sunk, and she imploreth thy assistance with tears of sorrow, O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to her relief.

As blossoms and flowers are strewed upon the earth by the hand of spring; as the kindness of summer produceth to perfection the beauties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune.

Virtue is amiable in an aged person, though wrinkled and deformed; but vice is hateful in a young person, though comely and beautiful.

The tears of the compassionate are sweeter than dew drops, falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.

When thou seest the naked wanderers of the street, shivering with cold, and destitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity shelter them from death—that thine own soul may live.

Happy is the man who hath sown in his breast the seed of benevolence;—the

produce thereof shall be charity and love.

Nothing is more despicable, or more miserable, than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigor of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks by decay of strength, into peevishness; that peevishness for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; his acquaintances shun him; and he is left to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt.

Passionate persons are like men who stand on their

heads, they see all things the wrong way.

Anger is a vice that carries with it neither pleasure nor profit, neither honor nor security.

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not obeying them.

Quietness and peace flourish where reason and justice govern—and true joy reigneth where modesty resideth.

Contention is a vice of such a cast, that it debases God's image which is stamped upon our nature, making us rather resemble demons, than human creatures.

Be rather confidently bold,
than foolishly timorous;—
For many perish through
fear.

Friendship is the dearest
of all social ties, and adds
the highest relish to our en-
joyments.

As the lion becomes en-
raged at viewing his own hi-
deous shadow in the water,—
So could we see how pas-
sion's dreadful storm,
And madding fury all our
souls deform;
Erase God's image planted
in our breast,
And change the man into a
savage beast;

We should abhor ourselves, the sharp disown,
And hate the fiend that put our likness on.

Remember thy frailty—— yet a little while, and thou must sink into thy grave.

He that would avoid sorrow must be wary in his steps. He who would shun misfortune, must take wisdom for his companion.

Forsake not wisdom and she shall preserve thee.

Beware of vice, whose empire will control,
The native freedom of a generous soul;

Avoid her snares, where certain mischiefs wait,
Nor rush unthinking on destructive fate.

All thou certainly knowest of death is, that it putteth an end to thy sorrows.

Think not the longest life the happiest; if it is well spent, thou shalt rejoice after death, in the advantages of it.

Be good, and in your virtuous actions live.—For virtue shall resist death's tyrant sway, And bloom and flourish in eternal day.

Felicity dwells not with princes; she is not the guest of the great ones of the earth.

She has long since fled from palaces, and retired to the scenes of simple nature, to dwell in rural quiet, and become the companion of the harmless village swain.

The shepherd's boy, tho' poor, is reconciled;—He rises in health, and lies down in happiness.—The sun is now set—He has folded his flock, and returns home whistling over the plain,—He lives happy in rural simplicity, and in the enjoyment of his wishes, because all his wishes are moderate.

Yet not there alone does she reside: Would thou trace her dwelling, thou must fol-

low the foot-steps of content, and the track will lead you to her peaceful mansion.

But forget not, that as content is never to be found except in the paths of virtue, if you deviate from her ways, you must never expect to find the road to happiness—you will become a wanderer, and the hope of your pilgrimage will be lost.

The state of no human being can be determined till death closes the scene; and the last end of the good only can be happy.—Emulate their virtues, and doubtless, you will share in their felicity.

For as the silk-worm in due

time taketh wing, and mounts into the air; so the souls of the just, when called hence, shall take the wings of the morn—and assend into heaven.

———ooooooo———

A HYMN.

COME, let us praise God, for he is exceeding great; let us bless God, for he is very good.

He made all things; the sun to rule the day, the moon to shine by night.

He made the great whale, and the elephant; and the little worm that crawleth on the ground.

The little birds sing praises to God, when they warble sweetly in the green shade.

The brooks and rivers praise God, when they murmur melodiously amongst the smooth pebbles.

I will praise God with my voice: for I may praise him, though I am but a little child.

END.

*in up a child in the way he should go
n he is old he will not depart from it.*"

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